Vol. V. Numb. 7.

The EXAMINER.

From Friday December 18, to Monday December 21, 1713.

——— Poteſtas
Impatiens conſortis. ——— Lucan.

IF the *Pretender* had taken Poſſeſſion of as many *Hearts* as *Mouths*, among the Whigs, I ſhould begin to think him a very formidable Perſon. At preſent, I conſider this diſmal Cry only as an Alarm to the Mob, to raiſe and trouble the Waters, that thoſe, who are out of Employ, may divert themſelves by Fiſhing in them. The *Roman Cobler* in *Shakeſpear*, who led a looſe profligate Rabble about the Streets, and was the *Captain Tom* of the Day, gave a very good Reaſon for his Conduct, by aſſuring the *Patricians*, that he did it out of a Principle of Self-Intereſt: For *Mobbing* wore out Shooes, and would not fail to bring him in a great many Cuſtomers. The *Whigs* have juſt the ſame real Kindneſs for themſelves in the Buſtle they make about the *Pretender*. Their *Holidays*, *Bonfires*, *Clamours*, *Proceſſions*, *Popes*, *Devils*, *Lords*, *Linkboys*, *Captains* and *Carrmen*, are an Equipage not eaſily raiſed, nor maintain'd for Nothing. They are putting in for a Place, or certainly intend to run away with ſome great Fortune. Their *Firſt of April* laſts all the Year long, and they go up and down making *Fools* of their Fellow-Subjects, by ſending their Wits upon ſleeveleſs Errands beyond Sea, and then laugh at them for their Credulity. They Dream all Day long, and like wretched *Old Women*, mumble a few hard Names, and recite Viſions to themſelves, ſearching here and there for Pins or Straws laid acroſs, Curſing their Enemies, and ſaying their Prayers backward, that by way of Revenge upon the World, for their Scorn and Contempt, they may, if poſſible, bring themſelves to a firm Belief, that they ſtill have it in their Power to grow Conſiderable, by raiſing the Devil.

There is one Diſappointment, which renders theſe People extreamly uneaſie, and Piques them to a degree of inſupportable Rage and Frenzy. They have publickly *Converted* the *Pretender* to the *Proteſtant* Faith, and have help'd to remove that *Odium* which conſtantly follow'd him, when he was under the *French King's* Wing: They gave out that he was well enough ſupported to invade us; in their heighth of Bravery they were afraid to *Take* him, and they ſtill pretend ſo much Skill in *Intrigues* and *Amours*, as to affirm, that the Men who Baniſh and Drive him away, are ſecretly in Love with his Perſon. What could they have done more to recommend him, and his Intereſt, and give a Luſter to Both? They have ſung Praiſes to him in the Hearing of the *Tories*; whom they would perſuade, that this is their Only Hope and Security; that this is their true Meaning, or they Mean Nothing at all. But now they find they have not Power enough to lead the Government into that fooliſh Blunder, nor Credit enough to Pin their Advice upon the Other Party, they are ſtung with Rage and Reſentment; and perfectly mad, becauſe the *Tories* will not prove them Men of their Words, and confirm their idle Suſpicions, at the hazard of their own Safety, Power and Intereſt. Indeed one would think they ſhould be glad to be found *Lyars*, upon this Occaſion; ſince Truth is a Character they are, upon ſeveral other Accounts, not over-fond of: But the World is witneſs to their Ravings and frantick Behaviour, becauſe the *Tories* are ſtill Faithful to the *Proteſtant Succeſſion*, and have by this time ſecur'd an Intereſt to themſelves, which muſt foreclose the *Faction* for ever, and puſh them upon new Meaſures, and another *Dernier Reſort*.

Since then the Miſtake, about this *Pretender* and his Cauſe, is ſo Palpable and Notorious; ſince theſe *Pretenders* to the *Pretender*, whoſe Title to Prophecy is as good as his to a Crown, have, like other great Prophets of the Age, outlived moſt of their Predictions; The Queſtion is, for what Reaſons this Clamour, ſo often baffled and refuted, is ſtill kept up with ſo much Zeal amongſt us. Perhaps this Affair may take another Turn than ſhort-ſighted People imagine: For is it not ſtrange, that thoſe very Politicians ſhould *Divide* about the *Pretender*, for fear of his Coming in, who cannot but know, that *Uniting* with the Government, is the only way to keep him out? Would any Body diſpute a *Title* to an *Eſtate*, that is confirm'd by all the *Courts*, and fix'd by an *Irreverſible Decree*, but ſome *Raſcally Attorney*, who wants Buſineſs, and is forc'd to pick up a Living by *Barratry*? It is not therefore unlikely, but theſe Sophiſters have another *unneceſſary Revolution* in their Eye, and inſtead of making the *Tories Jacobites*, may perhaps be underhand perſuading the *Pretender* to turn *Whig*. The Noiſe and Buſtle they make may ſerve to convince him, That they are worth his while, a formidable Body of People, and conſidering their preſent Circumſtances, fit to be employ'd in a deſperate Cauſe. Now others have forſaken him, they are his Men: For all Mortals are recommended ſome where or other, by their Abilities, to do Good or Harm. A *Pretender* of any Kind, is a Reſt and Sanctuary for the Promoters of Strife and Contention: And it was thought no ill Game formerly, for a *Prince*, with a better Title, to ſtrike up a *Bargain* with thoſe very *Dealers*, who had juſt before *Sold* his *Predeceſſor*. It may be the *Articles* of this *New Contract* are already drawn, and the *Pretender* is now too precious a Jewel to be truſted with any other Nation: They reſerve him for Themſelves, and would amicably force him into their own Boſom. It is by no means improbable but the firſt Service he requir'd of them, was to Recommend him by their Oppoſition, and make a Noiſe with his Name; whereby, as one of his wiſe Publiſhers expreſſes it, *They Familiarize it to Mens Imaginations*. At leaſt I would not be behind hand with them in Speculations, and dare confidently affirm, that my Conjectures and Suſpicions are as well grounded as theirs.

I will put them to the Teſt in this important Affair. They have conſented to have the *Pretender* baniſhed out of *Europe*: Why ſhould they not agree as readily, to have his *Name* remov'd out of *Great Britain*? *Names* have been as fatal to us, as either *Things* or *Perſons*. Why ſhould a few *Letters* and *Syllables* be more dreaded, than the Sword of Juſtice, or Voice of the Legiſlature? Let this Clamour therefore be huſh'd for ever, which viſibly tends to the *Repeal* of the *Abjuration*: For why ſhould a Subject Swear, if he is not to be believ'd after it? If any of the *Whigs* will make Oath, that the *Pretender* landed laſt Week at *Orford*, and has now taken up his Reſidence in *Cambridgeſhire*, we will believe them, and ring the *Alarm* and light up the *Beacons* inſtantly: But had any idle Wag heretofore frighted

ed our Forefathers with a Story, that *Wat Tyler* was no further off than St. *Giles*'s; or that *Jack Cade* was come into the *Borough*; tho' perhaps he might actually be upon the Road to *Feversham*, I make no doubt but he would have been hang'd for his News; and no Blame have lain upon the Government, for Arbitrary Hardships and Severities, notwithstanding it was the Custom in those Days, whenever any merry Fellows diverted themselves with *Sedition* or *High-Treason*, to Repartee upon them in the smartest and closest Manner. Every honest Man's Word, they say, is as good as his Oath; and if this be so, in vain do the Whigs *Swear out* the *Pretender*, whilst they *Talk him in* at the same time. In truth, whilst they suppose the *Ministry* to be in his Interest, their taking that *Oath* looks like Spite to the Government. Could they find Proofs to one half of their Clamours, we would easily forgive them the remainder: But in a Case of such Importance, *Locrine*'s *Law* ought to take Place, and the Proposer should be introduced with a Rope about his Neck, that if he fails to make the Charge good, he may be truss'd up the next Moment.

But there is another very good Reason for silencing this Clamour, and that is because it hinders more useful and seasonable Enquiries at this time. We have many *Pretenders* besides him, whom we have not *Abjur'd*; and who are not the less dangerous, because we have not yet Abjur'd them. It is very natural for these *Pretenders* to be Jealous of each other, and like Rivals in a rich Mistress, to be concern'd for her, least she should misplace her Favours. I can, with a good deal of Pleasantry, hear a *Jacobite* warning us, to take care of the *Whigs*, and a *Whig* as loudly admonishing us, to take care of the *Jacobites*; and I laugh at the Disappointment of both, if we should really happen to be wise enough to take care of Our selves. I am therefore for bringing our several *Pretenders* to a Balance, and playing them against one another, whenever they offer to wrangle with us upon this Subject. They are all of them good Provocatives to Caution and Vigilance, tho' not in the same degree; and therefore I shall not make any great Noise with their Names, nor express so much Warmth and Indignation against them, as may perhaps be expected at my Hands. I would not, in imitation of the *Whigs*, make them too considerable, as a Proof of my Zeal in opposing; and on the other hand, my Duty to my Country will not let me conceal any Hints of real Danger to the Publick, which I would have my Fellow Subjects prevent, and guard themselves against, by a Care and Fortitude, proportion'd to the Increase of that Danger, and its near Approaches towards us. My good Wishes, in this Case, speak the Language of *Virgil* —— *Maneant seros ea fata Nepotes.*

There is a *Pretender*, to whom the *German* Court has shewn many more Favours, besides a *Free Passport*; and who has a very great Force not yet disbanded, and like other Foreign *Quotas*, subsisting altogether upon *British Pay*. No Steps have yet been taken to remove him further out of the way. He has concerted a great many surprizing Operations, and does not want *Funds* sufficient to carry them on. His *Envoys* and *Plenipoes* come over publickly, and hold Conferences of a Military Nature, for the supporting and enlarging of his Interests. We have a great deal more to lose than he has; and he once made a *Coup d' Ecclat*, for placing himself at the Head of a *Stratocracy*. Such a hideous Cry was rais'd, when he was Unhors'd, that no doubt there will be many found, Daring and Forward enough to remount him, tho' with the hazard of losing their own Heads in that Service.

Besides this Hero, there is a *Cabal* of *Pretenders*, a Despotick Arbitrary *Junta*, who for some time kept the *Succession* under *Lock* and *Key*, and promis'd strange Things to themselves, in that short interval between the *Demise* of the *Crown*, and the return of the Post from *Hanover*. These little *Perkinites* and *Impostors* had so long kept even Pace with the Supremacy, and gone hand in hand with their Monarch, that according to the Custom of those Nations, where there have been *Two Kings* at once (which I think was formerly the Case in *England*) they would, no doubt, have claim'd the Benefit of *Survivorship*. The Taste we have had of the Lenity and Good-nature of these *Pretenders*, may Caution us against a Relapse; and place us upon the Guard over our Laws and Liberties. As for the *Protestant Religion* I shall not say much to that: If we are of any Religion, especially if we are *Christians*, we ought to look about us upon this occasion. They may chance to call themselves an *Aristocracy*, in spite of the *Etymology* of that *Greek* Word.

In the rear of these marches a whole Nation of *Pretenders*, who under the Title of our very *good Friends and Allies*, a Compliment they learn'd from the *Grand Monarch*, and which they afterwards chang'd for that of *Guarantees*, have made strong Court to us, and indeed had almost over-match'd us, by pleading the Odds of having *Seven to One*. Not that they really have any Right; but *Yonkers* and *Cullies* should have Guardians assign'd them; and great Beauties or rich Heiresses will never want *Pretenders*, even among Men of the least Merit, and the worst Qualifications in Nature. They have already supply'd us with *One Revolution* for our sakes; the next may be undertaken purely for their own. I am very sure, they love us dearly: For we are too sweet a Morsel to be parted with. It may be necessary for them to have a good *Barrier*, on the Side of the *Spanish West-Indies*. They are great Devourers of Mud and Dirt; and it is not a *Canal* of a few Leagues, that can make a Difference between us.

The Last, but not the Least *Pretender* I shall mention, is *Anarchy*. This bulky *Successor* seems to be of our own getting, and has therefore a very fair Claim to *Legitimacy*. Where there are to be so many Sharers in a Right, it cannot fail of being well-supported; and I know not whether this Right may not very justly be call'd *Hereditary*, notwithstanding the *Interregnum*: since about *Sixty* Years ago, there was a Creature of this kind actually in Possession, from whom the present *Pretender* is lineally descended. He was then fix'd in the Throne by an *Abjuration*, and I should be very glad to see him depriv'd of all Hopes of regaining it, the very same way.

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